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## On the Actual State of the Art of Singing in the Lyrical Theatres of France and Italy.

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\* "A Travers Chants: Etudes Musicales," &c., Paris, 1862.

(Concluded from page 370).

..... Musical dramatic composition is a double art; it results from the association, the intimate union of poetry and music. Melodic accents have undoubtedly a special interest, a charm peculiar to them, which results from music solely; but their force is doubled when we see them furthermore concur in the expression of a beautiful passion, of a fine sentiment, indicated by a poem worthy of the name; then the two arts united reinforce each other. Now this union is in a great measure destroyed in halls too vast, where the hearer, despite his best attention, scarcely comprehends one verse in twenty; where he can not even well see the features of the actors; and where consequently it is impossible for him to seize the delicate *nuances* of the melody, the harmony, the instrumentation, and the motives of these *nuances*, and their relations with the dramatic element determined by the words, since these words he does not hear.

Music, I repeat it, should be heard near to; in the distance its principal charm disappears; it is at least singularly *modified* and enfeebled. Would one find any pleasure in the conversation of the wittiest people in the world, if he were obliged to talk with them at thirty paces distance? Sound, beyond a certain distance, although still heard, is like a flame one sees, but does not feel its warmth.

This advantage of small halls over large ones is evident; and it was because he had remarked it, that a director of the Opera said with a pleasant naïveté and a little of bad humor: "Oh! in your hall of the Conservatoire, everything makes effect." Yes? Well! try the experiment a while of making heard there the grossnesses, the brutal platitudes, the nonsense, the absurdities, the discordancies, the cacophonies, which one may manage to put up with in your Grand Opera house and you will see the kind of effect they will produce. . . .

Now let us examine another side of the question, that which relates to the art of singing and to the art of the composer; we shall very soon find the proof of what I have advanced at the outset, namely, that if the art of singing has become what it now is, the art of screaming, the too large dimensions of the theatres is the cause of it; we shall also find that from this have sprung other excesses which dishonor music in these days.

The theatre *de la Scala*, at Milan, is immense; that of the *Cannobiana* is also very vast; the theatre of *San Carlo*, at Naples, and many others which I might cite, have dimensions equally enormous. Now whence came the school of singing, which is blamed so openly and so justly to-day?

From the great musical centres of Italy. Moreover, the Italian public being in the habit of talking as loud during the representations as we do here on 'change, the singers have been gradually led, as well as the composers, to seek all means of concentrating upon themselves the attention of this public which pretends to love its music. Hence they have aimed at sonority before all things; to obtain it, they have suppressed the use of *nuances*, of the *mixed voice*, of the *head voice*, and of the *lower notes* of the scale of each voice; they have ceased to admit for tenors any but the high tones called *de poitrine*, chest tones; the basses, singing only on the high degrees of their scale, have transformed themselves into baritones; the male voices, not gaining in reality in height all that they have lost in depth, are deprived of a third part of their compass; the composers, in writing for these singers, have had to confine themselves within one octave, thus producing melodies desperately monotonous and vulgar; as for female voices, the sharpest, the most cutting have obtained a marked preference over all others. These tenors, these baritones, these sopranos, launched full swing, at random, have been the only ones applauded; the composers have done their best to second them by writing so as to humor their stentorian pretensions; duets in unison, trios, quartets, choruses in unison are produced; this mode of composition, being at the same time more easy and more expeditious for the *maestri* and more convenient for the performers, has prevailed; and, the great drum aiding, we have seen the system of dramatic music, which we now enjoy, become established in a great part of Europe.

I make this restriction, because it does not really exist in Germany. There you see no great gulfs of halls. That of the Grand Opera at Berlin even is not of extraordinary dimensions. The Germans, you say, sing badly; that may appear true in general. I do not wish to enter upon the question here, whether their language be not the cause of it, and whether Mme. Sontag, whether Pischek, whether Titchachek, whether Jenny Lind, almost a German, and several others, do not constitute at least magnificent exceptions; but as a rule the immense majority of German vocalists sing, and do not shout; the screaming school is none of theirs; they make music. Whence comes it? From the fact that they have a finer musical feeling than many of their rivals of other nations, no doubt; but also from the fact that, the German lyric theatres being all of moderate dimensions, the *musical fluid* reaches every point in them; from the fact that, the public being always silent and attentive there, such ungracious efforts of voices and of instrumentation become useless and would appear still more odious than with us.

This then, you will say, is the arraignment of the large theatres; it will no longer be possible to realize receipts of 11,000 francs, nor to assemble eighteen hundred persons at the Opera of Paris, at Covent Garden in London, at the *Scala*,

at the *San Carlo*, nor anywhere else, under penalty of incurring the criticism of musicians. We do not hesitate to answer in the affirmative. You have ventilated that great word: *the receipts*! You are speculators, we are artists, and we are not speaking of the art of coining money, which is the only one in which you interest yourselves.

True Art has its conditions of power and beauty; speculation, which I am careful not to confound with industry, has its conditions of success, more or less moral, and, in the last analysis, Art and speculation mutually execrate each other. Their antagonism is of all places and all epochs, it will be eternal; it resides in the very heart of questions. Speak to a director of the spectacle, ask him which is the best hall for operas; he will answer, or at least he will think, if he does not dare to say so, that it is the hall in which *the largest receipts* may be made. Speak to an educated musician, or to a learned architect, who is a friend of music, and they will tell you this: "An opera hall, if you wish the essential qualities of the art of sounds to be appreciable in it, ought to be a *musical instrument*; now it is not so, if there has been no regard paid in its construction to certain physical laws, whose nature is perfectly well known. All the other considerations are without force and without authority as against this. Stretch metallic cords over a packing box, fit a keyboard to it, and for all that you will not have a piano. Stretch strings of catgut and silk over a wooden shoe, and you will not have a violin. The skill of pianists and of violinists will be impotent to transform these ridiculous machines into real musical instruments, even if the box should be of rosewood, or the shoe of sandal wood. You may blow tempests through a stove-pipe; the very energetic sound, perhaps, which will come out, will not make it an organ-pipe, nor a trombone, nor a tuba, nor a horn. All imaginable reasons, reasons of perspective, reasons of splendor, pecuniary reasons, when the question is of the construction of an opera hall, will fall before the fact of the laws of acoustics and of the transmission of the *musical fluid*; for these laws exist. This is a fact, and the obstinacy of a fact is proverbial." This is what these artists will say. But they want to make music, and you want to make money.

As to the effect of the orchestra in too large halls, it is defective, incomplete and false; different from what the composer had imagined it in writing his score, even when the score was written expressly for the hall in which it is heard.

As the reach of the *musical fluid* is unequal in different projectors of sound, it necessarily follows that instruments of long reach will often have a power out of proportion to the importance which the composer has assigned to them; while those of short reach will disappear or will forfeit the employment which had been assigned to them to attain the end of the composition. For in order that the *musical action* of voices and instru-

ments may be complete, it is necessary that all the sounds should reach the hearer simultaneously and with the same vitality of vibrations. It is necessary, in a word, that the sounds written in the score (musicians will understand me) should reach the ear in score (*en partition*).

Another consequence of the extreme size of our lyrical theatres,—a consequence which I have already hinted at in alluding to the present use of the big drum—has been the introduction of all the violent auxiliaries of instrumentation into ordinary orchestras. And this abuse, now pushed to its last limits, while ruining the power of the orchestra itself, has not a little contributed to introduce the system of singing, whose existence we deplore, by exciting the singers to a violent struggle with the orchestra in the emission of sounds.

This is the way that the reign of the instruments of percussion has established itself.

Will my music-loving readers pardon me for entering into such long developments? I hope so. As for others, I have no fear of fatiguing them; they will not read me.

It was, if I am not greatly mistaken, in Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis*, that the great drum was heard for the first time at the Grand Opera of Paris; but alone, without cymbals or any other instrument of percussion. It figures in the last chorus of the Greeks (a unison chorus, let us remark by the way), of which the first words are: *Partons, volons à la victoire!* This chorus has a march movement with repeats. It served for the defiling of the Thessalian army. There the great drum beats the time of every measure strongly, as in ordinary marches. This chorus having disappeared when the *dénouement* of the opera was changed, the great drum was not heard again until the commencement of the following century.

Gluck also introduced the cymbals (we know with what admirable effect) in the chorus of Scythians in *Iphigenia in Tauris*; the cymbals alone, without the great drum, which your routine people of all countries think inseparable from them. In a ballet of the same opera he employed with the most rare felicity the triangle alone. And this was all.

In 1808, Spontini admitted the great drum and cymbals in the triumphal march and in the dance of gladiators in the *Vestale*. At a later time he used them again in the march of Telasco's followers in *Fernando Cortez*. Thus far the employment of these instruments, if not very ingenious, had at least been with fitness and with reservation. But Rossini came to give his *Siege of Corinth* at the Opera. He had remarked, not without chagrin, the somnolency of the public of our great theatre during the execution of the finest works; a somnolency induced far more by the physical causes contrary to musical effect, which I have just pointed out, than by the style of the magistral works of that period; and Rossini swore he would endure the affront no longer. "I know how to prevent your going to sleep," said he. And he put the great drum in everywhere, and the cymbals, and the triangle, and the trombones and ophicleid by bundles of chords, and striking with main force upon headlong rhythms, he caused such flashes of sonority, if not of harmony, such strokes of lightning, to leap from the orchestra, that the public, rubbing its eyes, took pleasure in this new sort of emotions,

more vivid, if not more musical than those to which it had been accustomed. Encouraged by the success, he pushed this abuse yet farther in writing *Moïse*, where, in the famous finale of the third act, the great drum, the cymbals and the triangle beat the four times of the measure in the *forte* passages, and consequently make as many notes as the voices, which accommodate themselves as one may imagine to such an accompaniment. Nevertheless the orchestra and chorus of this piece are so constructed, the sonority of voices and instruments thus arranged is so tremendous, that the music swims upon the top of all this rumpus, and the musical fluid, projected in waves this time upon all points of the hall, in spite of its vast dimensions, seizes the audience, shakes them, makes them vibrate; thus producing one of the grandest effects ever recorded in the history of the Grand Opera. But do the instruments of percussion contribute to it? Yes, if you consider them as a furious incitement to the other instruments and to the voices; no, if you regard only the real part which they take in the musical action; for they crush both orchestra and voices, and substitute a violent and maddening noise for a fine energetic sonority.

Be this as it may, the instrumental revolution of our theatre orchestras dates from the arrival of Rossini at the Grand Opera. Great noises were employed on all occasions and in all works, whatever style the subject might impose. After a short time the kettle drums, the big drum, triangle and cymbals were no longer sufficient; they added a small drum; then two cornets came to the aid of trumpets, trombones and ophicleid; the organ installed itself in the side scenes by the side of the bells, and we saw enter upon the stage military bands, and finally the huge instruments of Sax, which are to the other voices of the orchestra like a piece of cannon to a musket. Halévy, in his *Magicienne*, added to all these violent means of instrumentation, the *tamtam*. The new composers, irritated by the obstacle opposed to them in the immense size of the hall, thought it necessary to overcome it, under penalty of death for their works. Now have they generally kept within the conditions of worthy and elevated Art, in employing these extreme means to obviate the obstacle while thinking to destroy it? No, certainly! The exceptions are rare.

The judicious use of the most common instruments, even the most gross, may be avowed by Art, may serve to really increase its wealth and power. Nothing is to be despised in the means we have acquired to-day; but the instrumental horrors which we have to witness only become the more odious; and I think I have demonstrated that they have, on their part, contributed greatly to the vocal excesses which have prompted these too long and, I fear, too useless reflections.

Add that these same excesses, gradually introduced by the spirit of imitation into the Opéra Comique, are there, considering the particular conditions of the theatre, its orchestra, its singers and the general tone of its repertoire, incomparably more revolting.

I thought it my duty to attack in front, for the first time, this question, on which evidently depends the life of theatrical music; these truths may possibly displease great artists, excellent and powerful minds; but I believe that in their con-

science they will recognize that they are truths.

I have mentioned, in the beginning, certain moral causes of the immense disorder of which I have just studied the physical causes. The influence of *applause*, and of what dramatic artists still have the astonishing naïveté to call *success*, should figure in the first line. The ridiculous importance accorded to executants who are or who are believed to be indispensable, the authority which they have usurped, are no longer to be forgotten. But this is not the place to enter into the examination of these questions; there would be a book to write about them.

### "Dinorah" at the Boston Theatre.

(From the Daily Advertiser.)

The production of "Dinorah" has stirred up the American musical people amazingly, and an astonishing diversity of opinion has been developed ranging from extravagant laudation to wholesale condemnation, until such of the public as are wont to be helped and guided in their judgment by the press are almost stupefied at the conflict of critics. Without hoping that we have the wisdom and weight of speech to decide the disagreement of the doctors, we propose at this time to give somewhat in detail our views upon this vexed question, thinking that the consideration of some elements which have been omitted in the discussion may simplify the matter and help to place Meyerbeer's last great work in its true position among operas. We believe that in estimating "Dinorah," almost all persons, whether printing publicly their opinions or giving them private voice, have relied too much upon the effect of the opera as now put upon the stage. We shall therefore divide our treatment of it under two distinct heads,—first, remarking upon "Dinorah" as we find it in the accepted score, and secondly as we see and hear it in the theatre.

To begin then—we are convinced that Meyerbeer intended "Dinorah" to be a popular work; and by popularity we do not mean that airs should be plundered from it bodily to be wrenched out from the groaning pipes of handorgans, whistled by news-boys, blurted in quicksteps by brass bands, tinkled upon boarding-school pianos and fashionably distorted by drawing-room vocalists. The composer who fills his operas with little tunes gets popularity of that sort, but there is another kind of popularity which means a quiet, steady understanding and regard, such as are given to the works that people wish to hear entire, and to which they will always listen if they be tolerably executed. The former popularity is temporary, it is a *furor*, a sensation, it is "the thing;" the latter is deeper rooted and endures. In the drama the former includes the spectacular play or the adaptation of the notorious novel, while the latter embraces Shakespeare and the comedians. Meyerbeer, therefore,—as we took occasion to say a few days ago—filled his work with beautiful thoughts. He wrote recitatives which are remarkably expressive of the gradations of feeling, and gave them also a melodious form; he wove in many airs of diverse lengths, which give point and freshness to the acts, and he elaborated the orchestration with all the wealth of his genius, studying ever to keep it light, flowing and interesting. The musician's eye will at once observe the power of the overture and the graceful suggestiveness of the *entr'actes*, as well as the brilliancy of accompaniment, when he glances over the score, as reduced for the pianoforte, and will comprehend how immeasurably their charm is enhanced by the variety of instruments which receive parts that are *obligatos* of such importance as to require solo players to render them efficiently. The character of *Dinorah* supplies a pathetic element which runs through the entire opera, and the finale of the second act gives the plot a sombre nucleus, toward and from which all the other situations radiate. Now how has Meyerbeer prevented this melancholy and gloom from overshadowing everything else, and making the opera a dull thing, to be borne occasionally, instead of something pleasant for frequent enjoyments? By these means among others. The first act is filled with amusement caused by *Correntino*, who is a very droll although to himself he is rather a dullard. He begins by frightening himself with the rehearsal of ghostly fancies as the twilight falls, he makes himself a victim to *Dinorah*, whom he believes to be a sprite, and in grotesque fear he talks with her and plays and sings for her, increasing the amusement of the beholder as his own position becomes more involved.



Hoël's entrance interrupts this and gives a different cast to the interest, for he sings stirringly of gold ("Del oro") to induce the avaricious *Correntino* to overcome his cowardice and hunt with him for wizard treasures. In the second act the peasants and goatherds, who gave a pastoral air to the opening scene of the opera, again contribute some rural strains, and when the moonlight night has fairly set in, a sentiment of tenderness is given to all by *Dinorah's* plaintive *romanza* "*L'incantator della montagna*," which is changed to graceful witchery by the shadow song and dance. Again comes *Correntino* with his grotesqueness. With Hoël he seeks the hoards, and his wits, sharpened by wine, and fear and clownish subterfuge, make him present a laughable figure in contrast to the eager earnestness of his companion. The startling episode of the breaking bridge and the drowning girl brings the dramatic effect of the piece to its culmination, and the act ends. In the beginning of the third act the general tone is restored in a masterly manner. As the dawn appears, comes on the hunter, earliest riser of the village, with his song of the chase; then follows the reaper on his way to the cool fields with his melody of harvest time, and as the morning brightens, the goatherds, with their merry *viennella*, pass along; yet ere these all leave the stage, they pause to chant together, after their friendly salutations, a matin hymn. Hard upon their steps approach Hoël and *Correntino*, bearing the still insensible *Dinorah* toward the village. *Correntino* has no appreciation of deep emotion, he dreads what is uncanny, and he runs away, leaving the two lovers together. Hoël is in affliction at his sweetheart's danger, and still more at her lost reason when she begins to recover from her swoon; but when her mind regains its balance in the company of her gathering neighbors and friends, and the thankful *Ave Maria* rises in full chorus, the happiness of the *dénouement* is alone thought of. Here are surely elements which are enough in quantity and quality and which are blended with a skill sufficiently wise to make "*Dinorah*" continuously interesting, and to give it a zest that will keep its freshness for many repetitions.

We are sure that the principal reason why the opera has not only not equalled common expectation, but fallen far short of it, will appear to be the insufficiency and imperfection of the performance. In saying this, we wish to be distinctly understood as not impeaching Mr. Grau's fidelity to the undertaking which he has entered upon, since it is not in his power to remedy the chief causes of defect. We have only to find fault with his management for the omission of certain passages which have really an important bearing upon the musical effect of the work, and whose removal, although only meaning to many spectators a "cut" of such and such lines, destroys the symmetry of the work for the musician or the auditor who is able to follow the Italian text and plot without book. To particularize, Mlle. Cordier is well fitted for *Dinorah*, as we said when the opera was first produced, and we have been assured by authority which we highly respect, that her impersonation is better than that of Marie Cabel, who was the original representative of the part in Paris, which is certainly great praise. One delicate touch by which the writer artistically defined the sadness which the crazed maiden sometimes feels, is blotted out from the picture of her which we receive, by the omission of the soft, sighing minor melody "*L'incantator della montagna*." Signor Amodio is not very successful as Hoël; the one great aria, "*Del' oro*," which is in reality the key to his character and almost to the entire story, being left out, the rôle loses its strongest effect, and Signor Amodio appears to take little pains to repair the loss. Perhaps he cannot easily make much of the part, which is hardly in his line, but in fact he does not. There is no possible excuse, however, for his parading himself with outstretched arms at the footlights, when he has to sing "*Sei vendicata assai*;" in this aria Hoël passionately entreates *Dinorah* to pardon and receive him, yet our baritone pays as little attention to the fainting maid as to the block on which she lies, and asks his grace of an audience which ought sternly to awaken him to a sense of his position in the scene and of the respect due to their understanding. Signor Brignoli is perhaps as far removed from what *Correntino* ought to be, as is possible in this world of limitations and hindrances. There is, to be sure, no tenor in the country, so far as we know, who could reproduce in *toto* Meyerbeer's ideal. A buffo of the best capacity is needed, who could give point to the long recitations, which Brignoli cuts down, to the duos which he slurs over, and who could give life to the character and animation to the scenes by brisk and skilful by-play. He should be among tenors something akin to what Ronconi is among basses, for whom it was left to make *Masetto* one of the best parts in "*Don Giovanni*." Signor

Brignoli is almost destitute of any ability to act, and what little skill he has is generally allowed to rust; he is therefore utterly out of place in a rôle which should overflow with action, especially since he is too set in his self-consciousness to impress anything but his own individuality upon the music. He deserves thanks for his rather spirited singing of the reaper's song in the last act. The two goatherds (Mlle. Morensi and Miss Stockton) are gorgeously clad, and their impossibility is pleasant to the gaze; they have some nice strains of melody, a considerable part of which they have generally succeeded in singing out of tune. Signor Susini has only to sing the bright opening air of the third act, "*Il sol si leva*," but he does that with such animation as always to receive a round of applause. The beautiful quartet, "*Gran Dio*," which follows the *viennella* and concludes the vocal introduction of this last act, is omitted, we regret to observe.

The choruses are generally quite well done, although the *Ave Maria* needs a greater number of voices. The band do full justice to the instrumental score, and their performance is amply worth the cost of more than a single sitting. Their duties are onerous and their parts difficult, as we have intimated in former articles, but they support Signor Muzio's intelligent direction faithfully, and the solo passages for the different performers are given with a promptness and decision which our Philharmonic orchestra does not always equal. The introduction to the second act, with its frequent recurrence of a phrase very similar to a prominent one in Gottschalk's "*Pastorella e Cavaliere*," requires great delicacy of treatment and is worthy of particular notice for its finished execution.

Our conclusion, then, is briefly this: "*Dinorah*" is a finer work of art than it at first appears, and it suffers in estimation because it is not presented in its entirety by a corps of competent artists. Our advice, however, is this: Go and see "*Dinorah*," not once, but often, and you will find it grow in favor with you in spite of the disadvantages which attend these performances, especially if you will take a little pains to acquaint yourself by reading with the meaning and relative values of its different parts; you will then feel, as we do, that Mr. Grau has done a good service by bringing out the opera, and giving to it so much time, and care, and as many good performers as he could command.

### Les Bouffes Parisiennes.

In the city to which good Americans are said to be translated after death, there are, among other architectural idiosyncracies, vast numbers of covered public ways and thoroughfares, which radiate like little veins from the broader and more open arteries, and which are called "Passages." Excepting that the sky, and sometimes the sunlight, are shut out, and that vehicles do not enter them, these little avenues are much the same in aspect as the fully-developed streets which they connect. They are crowded with shops of every description, and the visitor is puzzled whether most to marvel at the quantity or the variety of traffic which they represent. They are favorite resorts at all times, and especially in rainy weather, when their protection is sought by the bulk of the gaudins and other strollers throughout the city. Strangers are metaphorically lost in admiration at their convenience and comfort, and practically so in their labyrinthine windings. What they contain it would be impossible to recount. What they do not contain is a question which human inquiry long ago ceased to agitate.

Just inside the entrance to one of these curious "passages" there gapes a little cavernous opening which, though dim by day, by night is lighted with superior gas and brilliant promise of good cheer. Over the narrow entrance a modest inscription stands to notify the passers-by that the theatre of the "*Bouffes Parisiennes*" is within. A theatre in so snug and cramped a spot seems utterly at variance with probability, to be sure; but if there be one faculty the exercise of which the enterprising Paris manager enjoys above another, it is that of meeting probability half way and vanquishing it at a stroke. However misplaced it may appear, there certainly is a theatre packed in among the other good things of this most profuse "passage." And a theatre, too, which takes no small pride in itself, and in which, moreover, the people of Paris take no small delight. It is the David of opera-houses, and, in an indirect way scatters worse wounds among the Goliaths, its big rivals, than they would care to acknowledge.

The "*Bouffes*" theatre is so little as to be almost a joke. You laugh, when you get inside it, at its tiny proportions. Two great muscular jumps would almost clear the stage from wing to wing, and a gentleman in the orchestra stalls might converse in a whisper with his friend in the gallery. There is, in

fact, hardly room enough to swing a cat in. People do not, however, go to the "*Bouffes*" for the purpose of swinging cats. They go to listen to the brightest and newest music, and to witness the best acting, of its order, that the French stage affords. And they are never disappointed. Absolutely never. That's a bold thing to say of any place of public amusement, but the unflinching prosperity and the enormous popularity of the *Bouffes* stand as evidence of its truth. It is a little band-box, without doubt, and its space is limited, but it costs a tolerable number of francs to get into it, and it is invariably filled. The most peculiar thing about it is that the entertainment is not only always of one class, but that it is also almost always the work of one man. Offenbach's operas have made the fortune of the "*Bouffes*." Operas by other composers are occasionally given, but his are the standard favorites. Of course they require to be exquisitely represented. His actors, Desiré, Léonce, Tostée, and others, whose names we ought to remember, but do not, are unsurpassed; and their singing is clever, if not superlatively good. The librettos of his pieces are capitally written, and his stage effects are marvellous, considering the straightened opportunities. And how his operas run! Being an ambitious man, his chief distress is, that he is not suffered to produce new works as fast as he can write them. The charm of the old ones lasts too long.

One of Offenbach's lightest and simplest opérettes was last Saturday evening presented at the French Theatre, in Niblo's Saloon. "*La Rose de St. Fleur*" is easy and free from complication, and therefore does not overtask the musical resources of Mr. Juignet's company. It introduces three persons—Miss Anna Hamburg, Mr. Juignet, and Mr. Edgard. The lady sang the lively little melodies with taste and considerable effect. The gentlemen did their best, and Mr. Juignet's best, especially, was very satisfactory. The action was excellent, and, as the incidents of the piece are funny beyond compare, it is needless to say that the audience was highly delighted. Of the music of "*La Rose*," we have only to remark, that it is quite in Offenbach's most sparkling vein. The melodies rise like the vapors of a delicate and fragrant wine.

If a theatre could be devoted, here in New York, to purposes somewhat similar to those of the Paris "*Bouffes*," it would not only be a pleasant surprise to the public, but also a profitable one for any manager. The operas of Offenbach and his associates are only a refinement upon the vaudeville representations which, when good, always prove popular in every community. Even a musical farce is better liked than one that is not musical. Mrs. John Wood owes a great part of her popularity to the fact that she is liberal in introducing music to her audiences. Mrs. Sedley Brown is more in the mind of the public as a graceful singer than as a charming actress, albeit her real strength is in her acting. Wherever a musical reputation is associated with any theatre, it is invariably beneficial. There are more direct proofs. Mr. Julius Eichberg's two-act opera, "*The Doctor of Alcantara*," which is written precisely according to the Offenbach model, had a success in Boston, at the Museum, which ought to warrant much encouragement of effort in the same direction.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

### Boieldieu's Piano.

People have always attached a great value to objects formerly belonging to great men. It seems as though these material mementoes kept up some mysterious relation with the individual who resided long with them. For instance, what musician, after having sat down before Boieldieu's piano, will not, on retiring, experience a secret emotion, as if the shade of the master were moving invisible around him? How many respectful and charming thoughts will be evoked by the sight of the ivory keys, worn by the familiar touch of the fingers of him who composed *La Dame Blanche*! This sacred relic has just been discovered—according to a French contemporary—at La Havre, under the following circumstances:

"A short time since, there was a sale by auction of the furniture of one of the large hotels in the town, the proprietor retiring in consequence of having made his fortune. Among the furniture offered for sale, was an old, neglected, dirty piano, which for years had been degraded by being employed as a kind of sideboard. Its appearance was so wretched that no one could be found to give more than forty francs for it. The purchaser, fancying that if set to rights it might once more render good service, deter-

mined to have it repaired. What was his surprise on discovering on the instrument, near the strings of the highest register, a signature concealed beneath a thick coating of dust! When the dust had been removed, the name of Boieldieu was distinctly visible. As soon as his first emotion was past, the new owner of the piano reflected that the name might have been placed where it was by some other hand than that of the renowned composer. However, it was worth while to have the matter cleared up. In the first place, the signature in question was compared with manuscripts authenticated as Boieldieu's. The resemblance was perfect; no expert would have hesitated in declaring that the name and the manuscripts were all written by the same hand. Encouraged by this result to pursue his investigations, the purchaser, wishing to acquire and group together irrefutable proofs of the origin of the instrument, thought he could not do better than go at once to the fountain head, and apply to the master's son, M. Adrien Boieldieu. The statement received from that gentleman is so precise, that there can exist no doubt as to the authenticity and value of this "treasure trove."

This piano is the last upon which Boieldieu worked. Besides other productions, he composed upon it his last opera; *Les deux Nuits*. The relic, however, is curious for several reasons; it was the first piano with "*claviers transpositeurs*" ever manufactured. Boieldieu bought it of MM. Roller and Blanchet, celebrated makers of the piano, for whom he entertained a profound esteem. He wished, in purchasing their piano, to give the merit of the innovation the support of his name and the influence of his authority, as a competent judge of the instruments sent out by the firm—which, we believe, is no longer in existence. Boieldieu's piano—according to M. V. Blum—(the writer who contributes the information to our French contemporary)—now belongs to M. Santallier, editor of the *Journal du Havre*, who would not change it for Rachel's guitar or Marie Antoinette's harpsichord.—*London Musical World*.

### Joseph Haydn and His Princely Patrons.

By DOCTOR L.

Translated for the N. Y. Musical Review by Fanny M. Raymond.

Continued from page 372.

This is a good opportunity to correct some errors into which Haydn's biographers, Dies and Griesinger, have fallen. Griesinger says: "In the so-called 'Creation' mass (No. 4 of the Breitkopf edition), Haydn, reflecting that the great majority of human sins proceed from a want of modesty, has written the 'Agnus' in the light and playful style of the aria in the Creation, 'Der thauende Morgen,' and the doleful Miserere follows it in full chorus. Dies gives another version; he says, that during the composition of the 'Agnus,' the composer felt convinced, that God would at last pardon the repentant creature, and became so joyful in conviction, that, consoled and cheerful, he wrote the Miserere of the 'Agnus' in Allegro movement. The best of the above is, that the slight reminiscence from the 'Creation' occurs in the 'Gloria' and not in the 'Agnus' of this mass, while Dies's hypothesis falls to the ground, from the fact, that you may look in vain through all Haydn's masses to find a single Miserere in Allegro tempo; the above-mentioned 'Agnus' proceeds, in masterly beauty, *andante*, from beginning to end. We see, that in spite of following Goethe's advice:

"In the expounding keep up your courage;  
Is there naught to explain, add something to it."

the expounders—the musical ones at least—have been generally unfortunate, from Haydn's interpreters down to Marx, who sees in a Beethoven Andante (Pianoforte Sonata, opus 14, No. 2.) the work-room of a young girl, who wrinkles her forehead into frowns, because her knitting does not go as she wishes. Absurdities without end!

Haydn's love for his native land and the reigning family, I pass over as universally known, and more willingly since my vouchers had little new to add to what we have all heard on the subject. It is certainly less known that his brother Michael was also of the same mind. When he came back to Austria, an old man, to direct in Vienna a

mass that he had composed, as he crossed the boundaries, he threw himself to the ground, and kissed, with tears, the native earth, which he trod once more after a long absence. One particular I must mention here. I have either heard or read, that on the taking of Vienna, Napoleon, whom Joseph Haydn counted among the number of his admirers, in order to protect the composer from possible insults, and his house from plunder, ordered a strong guard to be placed round the dwelling; until he understood Napoleon's reasons, the old man, whose patriotism was universally known, was very much alarmed at this attention. I cannot find any mention of this anecdote, which is thoroughly characteristic of the conqueror, and to which a pendant may be found in the protection he gave in Milan to Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," either in Griesinger or Dies; neither could I obtain any corroboration of it from any of my Eisenstadt sources.

As to those relics of the great composer, which city and castle may yet possess, I think, the reader will share with me my feeling of disappointment, to use the mildest expression, when he learns how few manuscripts have been found, in comparison with the enormous number of compositions by Joseph Haydn, and when he reflects on what a priceless source of authentic texts his manuscripts would have been. Köchel in his masterly catalogue of the 626 so far discovered works of Mozart, speaks of no less than 440 in the original hand-writing.

There were many reasons for this unfortunate result in Haydn's case. His carelessness was one cause, and his modesty and excessive timidity about collecting or preserving his manuscripts, was another; he did not lay the same value on them, as did Mozart, who left 270 autographs, mentioned in his will, which have since come into the possession of André in Offenbach. Prinster told me, that even in Haydn's life, while he was still chapel leader, his manuscripts were often found missing; and if his arrantly prosaic wife found any of his writings lying about at home, she used to gather them up, and like the Vandal she was, consumed them, in preference to any other papers, in the kitchen; this Plainschauer told Prinster as a fact. Many of his manuscripts were doubtless presented, after Haydn's death, to some of his noble admirers by prince Nicholas, who did not love the master's music; many were mislaid during the sequestration, which subsequently happened.

And so it is, that the musical archives possess only insignificant autographs of a man, who was once the pride and ornament of the princely house; the most important is the first act of the operetta, "La pascatrice," of the year 1769. The fifty autographs of large compositions by Joseph Haydn, which, as Griesinger proves, were assured to the prince during Haydn's life by contract, have disappeared, without leaving a trace behind; and also the manuscripts of Michael Haydn's compositions, which, according to his biographers, he left to the prince as a grateful acknowledgement of the pension he had received and which must have been sent to Eisenstadt, as hardly a line of his is to be found in Salzburg, particularly in St. Peter's. Of the numerous compositions of Michael Haydn, St. Peter's in Salzburg only possesses (according to a communication of my friend R. von Köchel), a Litany of the venerable sacrament, and the two unfinished Requiem Masses in the original score, besides five Graduals, one Sequence, and one Veni Sancte Spiritus, with clavier accompaniment. In Eisenstadt I found only a little fragment of a church composition at Father Dominick's, professor there.

For the mass, "In tempore belli," which A. Fuchs spoke of as being in the prince's possession, I sought in vain. Some ten years ago, Ahl still saw a great part of the manuscripts of the Scotch songs, which have since disappeared from the archives; and a not much longer time ago, the manuscript of a Litany, which Cherubini composed for prince Nicholas, was lost in consequence of having been lent.

What I discovered for myself in the way of

Haydn relics in Eisenstadt, were: two letters of unimportant contents, written by Haydn in the years 1763 and 1803; and, with music director Seitz, thirty-six of those forty-five canons, framed under glass, with which Joseph Haydn decorated his dwelling, and which, as he used to say with proper pride, made such a room ornament as no prince could boast. Apart from their musical value, these canons seemed to me of peculiar interest from their texts, which certainly had not been chosen at random, but had been placed together with plan and purpose, and whose religious, philosophical, intellectual, or humorous meanings gave an admirable picture of the views of life, and the circle of ideas of the man, whose chambers were once ornamented by them. Some of them touched, with half discovered satire, upon certain ceremonies of the court, which probably might have been sung, but not spoken of.

Vienna is richer than Eisenstadt in Haydn manuscripts, and the court library, the Musical Union archives, and the Artaria private collection are the principal depositories thereof. As to the precious autograph collections, so rich in Haydn relics, of Fischhof and A. Fuchs, the first only lately passed into another country; that of Fuchs was separated; the principal part of it, quite unique of its kind, came into the possession of Thalberg; the rest belongs to Putsch, dealer in works of art, in Augsburg.

Joseph Haydn rests in the Berg-church of Eisenstadt, (Eisenstadt consists of three divisions: the Berg-city (the princely one), the proper Eisenstadt, which is a royal free-city, and the appurtenances of the castle, which form a parish of themselves,) whither his body was conveyed in 1819. When his tomb was opened, the body was found without a head. It was supposed that some raging phrenologist had stolen it; and, indeed, this fantastic, pitiless search after the hidden springs of nature (to which, it is well known that Schiller's skull also fell a sacrifice,) became so horribly common in Vienna, that the old poet Denis in his will invoked the authority of the law against the desecration of his own remains. It is just possible that some Englishman—for in England Haydn worship had reached the boiling point just then—was the original instigator of the deed.

The monument, which the prince did not erect, until urged to do so by English princes in the year 1820, is simple, not to say poor enough. An ordinary marble tablet, bordered with common sandstone, to which they have tried to give the appearance of granite by speckling it with color. The inscription has a strange effect; instead of ascribing to Haydn the authorship of the "Seasons," the "Seven Words," the "Creation," &c., in large letters, the largest are given to his title as an Oxford Mus. Doc. Was an Englishman the author of the inscription? \*

It is not possible to make Joseph Haydn and his art our subject, without repeated references to the princely house, which he served for so many years. Like many other things, indeed, what this composer was, and how he became so, is yet enigmatical; his late development, the contrast between the works he wrote in Esterhazy and Eisenstadt, the visibly increasing prominence of virtuosity, even in the church compositions of his latter period, can only find an explanation, both natural and satisfactory, in the circumstances and relations, amid which he moved during the greater part of half a century.

Haydn officiated as chapel-master under the following princes of the house of Esterhazy-Galantha:

Paul Antony,	†	1761
Nicholas Joseph,	†	1790
Antony,	†	1794
Nicholas,	†	1833

\* Unless Dr. L. could have verified the above suppositions, he would have displayed better taste in suppressing them—especially so, judging from his remarks, Haydn's body, but for the English, might have lain some time without a tablet above it;—but the day of national pique and prejudice has not yet passed away, and Dr. L. is by no means the only person who has attempted to throw ridicule on the English, because they have shown more liberal appreciation in honoring and rewarding men of genius, than their own countrymen have always done. TRANSLATOR.



break, let us break their bonds a - sun - der, their bonds a - sun - der,  
let us break their bonds, let us break their bonds, ... their bonds a - sun - der,  
break, let us break their bonds, let us break their bonds a - sun - der,  
let us break their bonds a - sun - der, let us break their bonds a - sun - der,

and cast a - way...

and cast a - way, ... and cast a -

and cast a - way...

... their yokes from us, and cast a - way their yokes from  
and cast a - way ...  
way ... and cast a - way their yokes from  
way ... their yokes, their yokes from

The musical score is written for four vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves, and the piano part includes dynamic markings such as '8' (likely for 'piano' or 'forte').

us, and cast a - way their yokes from us,  
 their yokes from us,  
 us, and cast a - way their yokes from us, Let us break their bonds a -  
 us, and cast a - way their yokes from us, Let us break their

Org. Pedals. *ff*

Let us break their bonds a - sun - der, and cast a - way  
 Let us break their bonds, and cast a - way their  
 - sun - der, and cast, and cast a - way, and cast a -  
 bonds, and cast a - way their yokes from us, and cast a -

8va.

and cast a - way their yokes  
 yokes, their yokes from us, and cast a - way, and cast a - way their yokes.....  
 - way their yokes..... from us, and cast a - way, and cast a - way their yokes,  
 - way their yokes from us, and cast a - way, and cast a - way their yokes

from us, let us break their bonds, and cast..... a -  
..... let us break their bonds, their bonds a - sun - der, and cast a -  
let us break their bonds a - sun - der, their bonds a - sun - der, and cast a -  
from us, let us break their bonds a - sun - der, and cast a -

- way, and cast a - way their yokes from us.  
- way, and cast a - way their yokes from us.  
- way, and cast a - way their yokes from us.  
- way, and cast a - way their yokes from us.

8

## No. 42. HE THAT DWELLETH IN HEAVEN.

RECIT. TENOR VOICE.

Psalm ii. v. 4.

He that dwelleth in heaven shall laugh them to scorn, the Lord shall have them in de-ri-sion.

## No. 43. THOU SHALT BREAK THEM.

ANDANTE.

Psalm ii. v. 9.

Thou shalt break them,

Thou shalt break them with a rod..... of i - ron,

thou shalt dash them in pie - ces like a pot - - ter's ves - sel.



He was 28 years old, when he entered the princely service in 1760, and 77, when he died in 1809 under Nicholas.

I find this statement necessary to obviate the mistake, into which Griesinger and Wurzbach still more have fallen; the former makes Haydn enter under prince Nicholas, and the latter says in his brochure, "Joseph Haydn and his brother Michael," at page 10, that Haydn entered the princely service under prince Nicholas Joseph, and at page 22, that prince Antony was his first patron, while in the course of the work he repeatedly confounds the princes Nicholas Joseph and Nicholas.

As we see from the above statement, Haydn only served one year under Paul Antony; and as he was in England during part of Antony's reign, we can regard the princes Nicholas Joseph and Nicholas as those who consequently exercised the greatest influence over Haydn, both as man and artist.

I regret, that on account of the great space of time that already divides us from that period, during which, for nearly thirty years, the master served prince Nicholas Joseph, that I have little new to relate as to this most important time, and can give but a brief glance at Haydn's development under his most influential patron.

When the young artist, already an accomplished, self-taught musician (*autodidakt*), and a successful debutant in different branches of composition, even operatic, entered prince Paul Antony's service, it seemed as if his reputation and career were to begin like Grecian tragedy, with the simple car of Thespis; for at the same time that the prince became partial to Haydn's musical talent, a marionette theatre of the most primitive kind was taken into favor. Prinster said, that four singers, two men and two women, sat in front of the stage, and sang words, to which Haydn wrote the music, while the wire-drawn puppets on the boards above, moved about and acted the story.

As prince Nicholas Joseph, who followed Paul Antony a year after Haydn's entrance, more and more appropriated the young man's talent for this and other kinds of musical writing, his employment, which had been so far confined to writing for puppet plays, and some favorite instruments—baritone and violin—began to acquire larger dimensions; soon the artist found himself overwhelmed with commissions, which he fulfilled to his own satisfaction, and that invited him to new musical experiments and undertakings, while the increase of his material forces equalled the increase of his occupations. The number of the orchestra was enlarged to thirty; the marionette theatre was gradually made use of in the representation of spiritual and profane operettas, one of which delighted the empress Maria Theresa during a visit, until at length the prince concluded to build a small opera house; for this our master wrote no less than thirteen Italian operas, and an incredible number of works of all kinds, especially symphonies and quartets, whose fame soon began to spread beyond the limits of Hungary and Austria.\*

This was the result of the fortunate circumstances that brought together such a genius, and the right man to develop and encourage it; for the prince, a valiant swordsman—the rare commander's cross of the order of Theresa decorated his breast—was amateur enough to understand what treasure he possessed in Haydn, but too little to lead him. He supported and encouraged him, and allowed him to work in his own way. So much and no more, does genius need in its development. And so we see the beautifully harmonious reciprocity between Haydn and his princely Mæcenas, one trusting in the genius of his artist, the other rising with every fresh task nearer to the natural height of his spirit, and how courage and pleasure continually increase between them—one setting fresh tasks, the other striving to realize the ideal that floated ever before him, and this successful patronship going on for thirty years! Esterházy-Haydn resembles one of those business firms of the middle ages, that used to begin modestly by supplying local needs, then as business flourished,

commenced exportation, and at length attaining a wide renown, commanded the markets of the world with their goods.

But the excellent prince only lived to see a part of his nursing's world-wide fame; Haydn's principal works, those that made him immortal, were nearly all written after the death of Nicholas Joseph, during the four year's reign of prince Antony; (and whom we may aptly pass over, as Haydn, in consequence of his stay in England, saw very little of him), and under prince Nicholas, with whom he lived 15 years, from 1794 until his death.

(To be continued.)

\* In Esterházy, where the church was very diminutive, there was neither room nor occasion for great church music. And thus, without taking refuge in "late maturity," we can account in the most natural manner for Haydn's writing his great, solemn masses in Eisenstadt under Nicholas, where he had means and space, and only *Missa Brevis* for Nicholas Joseph in Esterházy, with the exception of one for Mariazell. One of these, according to Prinster, the St. Nicholas with its admirable *Crucifixus*, he sent to Werner, then chorus director in Eisenstadt, and a learned contrapuntist, who, forming his notions from it, scolded Haydn as a "dandy," and his work as "frivolous sing-song." Wurzbach gives in his brochure, page 17, a sort of catalogue of the collected works of the master copied from the master's own dictation, for the musical archives, preserved in Eisenstadt, of which I also possess a copy, thanks to Uhl's kindness. But as the old man's memory was already beginning to fail at the time he dictated, the catalogue, although given by himself, is neither perfect nor undoubted; for example, only fifteen clavier sonatas are mentioned. Unfortunately this statement of Wurzbach's, copied only too literally from that of the painter Dies, when it speaks of Haydn's church compositions, contains so much that is incorrect and incomprehensible, that some of my readers will perhaps thank me for giving them here a summary list of those works according to the thematic compilation by A. Fuchs, which I possess. According to this credible and recognized authority, Haydn wrote 22 church works, of which 13 were Masses, 4 short, 9 solemn ones. Of the solemn masses, 3 are in C, 4 in B flat, one in E, one in D minor; of the best known short ones, one is in G, one excellent one in B flat. Some of these, according to the fashion of that day, were named after a saint, like the St. Nicholas above mentioned (the defective manuscript in the Araria collection), or St. Cecilia; and some after the occasion that called them forth, like the Nelsonis, in honor of Nelson's victory, composed 1798, (manuscript in the Vienna court library), one "In tempore belli" (composed 1798, manuscript in Esterházy?), a Cello (of 1782, manuscript once with Fuchs, now in the Institution Gottweih); some named after characteristics of their own, like the earlier mentioned Creation mass, and a Harmony mass, on account of its peculiar treatment; to the short masses the composer himself gave the title, "Sunt bona mixta malis." The list by Fuchs also contains: 2 Te Deums, 3 Salve reginas, one of the year 1771 (manuscript in the Berlin court library); 4 offertories: Non nobis Domine, Hæc dies sacra, Ejus æternum. Ad aras convolute; 4 arranged choruses with sacred words. Three taken from Haydn's own "Ritorno di Tobia," and the fourth from a cantata that was probably composed, for the Institution Gottweih in 1768.

### The London "Music Halls."

In the columns of *The Observer*, in August last, certain severe but well-deserved strictures were made upon the loose and irregular manner in which the London music halls—more especially those calling themselves of the higher class—were conducted, and upon their gross perversion from the professed designs with which they were originally started—the improvement of the musical tastes of the masses. In returning again to the subject, we are sorry to say there is reason to fear that little, if any improvement has since taken place; on the contrary, in one or two cases especially matters have become worse. The "Music Halls" of London are now as "plentiful as blackberries." There is hardly a thoroughfare throughout the metropolis, with the slightest pretensions to publicity, but what one or more of the numerous public houses in its line has the words "Music Hall" painted up over its doors, and a flaming bill in its window announcing a list of the "talented company" engaged; the names of acrobats, niggers, and "comic ladies" figure in large type, throwing into the shade outside the house—as they do inside—the names and efforts of the musical professors whose misfortunes or necessities compel them to accept engagements in these places. It is not, however, on this class of music-halls, injurious as is their existence to the morals of the young men and women of the humbler classes, that the remarks in this paper will be made—a separate article can well be devoted to them. It is to those "music halls" who profess to give "classical and operatic music of a high character," sustained by "vocalists of established reputation," and who vie with each other in the costliness and beauty of the building and its decorations, that the following observations are intended more especially to apply. The "halls," which may be considered as belonging to this class, are five in number, viz. the Canterbury, in the Upper Marsh, Lambeth; Weston's, in Holburn; the Oxford, in Oxford-street; the London Pavilion, in Tichborne-street, Haymarket; and the Alhambra, in Leicester-square. Each of these halls is carried on upon one

principle—pandering to the lower tastes of their visitors, instead of aiming to improve them. The class of entertainments is the same in each hall, only modified or amplified to suit the persons who frequent them, and it may not be uninteresting to notice the latter point in connection with others. Each of the above halls, while it has a fair sprinkling from the general public, has its own peculiar class of visitors by which it is mainly supported.

The Canterbury chiefly depends on the small tradesmen and operatives of the Lambeth workshops, and men connected with the river steamers and craft; while there is also always a strong, nightly element in the shape of detachments from the household of regiments, and recruiting parties from Charles Street, Westminster. The female patrons are chiefly the sweethearts or relatives of the male visitors, though a few "unfortunates" drop in during the evening to relieve the cheerlessness and dispel the misery of their vocation. It is but fair to say that, while the Canterbury is patronized by a more humble class of visitors than any of its competitors, it undoubtedly is now, as it has always been, the best conducted in respect to order and decorum amongst the audience. The decent tradesman or mechanic may take his wife, daughter, or sweetheart to the Canterbury without much danger of their eyes or ears being outraged or polluted by the conduct and language of the vicious of both sexes, as is the case in several of the other halls. For the last three months the performances of "flying men" and "daring gymnasts" have ceased at the Canterbury, and a little more attention has been paid to its legitimate business—music—although there is yet room for great improvement. The worn-out "nigger business," however, still flourishes here, and the comic singing is still as destitute of humor as ever, but as full of slang and buffoonery. The "comic sensation ladies," have, happily, disappeared. The senseless encore system is in full force, to the great annoyance of the majority of the hearers. Weston's is largely patronized by the fast City shopman and clerk, the sporting publican, the small bookmaker of the Turf, and the profession of the "noble art of self-defence." The female visitors are few, and the majority of them belonging to the class who "love not wisely but too well." The gymnasts have been dispensed with, and the singing much improved, although, from the avocations and pursuits of a large class of the visitors, and the conversation indulged in by them, it is quite evident the love of music is not the motive of their attendance. The lobby of the hall is like the betting room at Tattersall's in a low way, and the continual discussion on the merits of a certain quadruped or biped—often the greatest animal of the two—is a great nuisance to those who come to "hear a song," a pleasure from which they are often entirely debarred. The Oxford, which may be considered the most aristocratic of all the music halls, is supported by the fast shopmen of West End, the counter "swells" of Regent Street and the Haymarket, who desire to dawdle away the hours before midnight by a little "slow" business, that they may enter on the "fast" with a greater zest. The general quality of the entertainment is good—much too good for the attention bestowed upon it by the great bulk of the audience. The gymnastic business is here abolished; but the abominable comic sensation lady business is retained, as being the only portion of the entertainments which can attract the attention of the *blasé habitués* of the lobbies and stalls. The London Pavilion is simply the Haymarket and Regent Street under cover. Vice is here triumphant, decked out in all its meretricious attractions. The male visitors are a medley of foreign adventurers of all descriptions, English rakes and *roués* of all ages and classes; while the females are exclusively composed of the "dress ladies," who, their freshness having faded, have been discarded from the West End introductory houses. The entertainments at this "music hall" are merely a "blind." The singing is, however, tolerably good; and as much order as possible is kept, considering the class of visitors the proprietor has to deal with. The Alhambra, of all the music-halls, is the one least entitled to use the name. The entertainments here are almost entirely made of acrobatic and gymnastic performances, and those not of most pleasing character. The programme comprises the Brothers Conrad, on the high and low rope; the Petite Monstres, the "daring" trapeze, feats of the Brothers Talliott, and the "astounding" performance of Olmar, "the flying bird." The performances of the latter two are certainly of the most extraordinary and daring character, but are most painful to witness, as the least hitch in the arrangements, or the failure of the performer to execute his feat, must result in his instantaneously being dashed to atoms. It is ridiculous to say that an evening's entertainment, made up chiefly of performances of this description, entitles the place of ex-

hibition to style itself a "Music Hall." The company at this place are strongly impregnated with the Leicester-Square foreign element, who may possibly admire these sensational exhibitions. There is one feature connected with this place calling for comment. The balcony is converted into a promenade for loose women and the simpletons who run after them, and the scenes that may be nightly witnessed in the open streets of the Haymarket are here re-enacted, to the great disgust and annoyance of the respectable portion of the audience, such as they are.

There can be no doubt that music-halls, properly conducted, would tend to the healthy recreation and instruction of the people; and it is matter of regret that they should have been so perverted from their original designs. It is only by public opinion, influenced by the voice of the press, that they can be retained within their legitimate bounds; but, should that fail, they ought to be placed under the same control as theatres, to which they have proved formidable rivals. By this course their performances would be legitimized, their licentiousness crushed, their respectability improved, and their usefulness augmented.

[We really cannot see of what use they can be, under any circumstances. Music and gin-and-water (&c.), have nothing whatever in common.—*Ed. Mus. World.*]

### The Orchestra.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

#### I.

##### THE VIOLIN.

The versatile, discursive violin,  
Light, tender, brilliant, passionate, or calm,  
Sliding with careless nonchalance within  
His range of ready utterance, wins the palm  
Of victory o'er his fellows for his grace;  
Fine, fluent speaker, polished gentleman.  
Well may he be the leader of the race  
Of bleeding instruments—fighting in the van  
With conscious ease and fine chivalric speed;  
A very Bayard in the field of sound,  
Rallying his struggling followers in their need,  
And spurring them to keep their hard-earned  
ground.  
So the fifth Henry fought at Azincour,  
And led his followers to the breach once more.

#### II.

##### THE VIOLONCELLO.

Larger and more matured, deeper in thought,  
Slower in speech and of a graver tone,  
His ardor softened, as if years had wrought  
Wise moods upon him, living all alone,  
A calm and philosophic hermit,—  
Yet at some feeling of remembered things,  
Or passion smothered, but not purged quite,  
Hark! what a depth of sorrow in those strings!  
See, what a storm growls in his angry breast!  
Yet list again; his voice no longer moans;  
The storm hath spent its rage and is at rest.  
Strong, self-possessed, the violoncello's tones;  
But yet too oft, like Hamlet, seem to me  
A high soul struggling with its destiny.

#### III.

##### THE OBOE.

Now come with me, beside this sedgy brook,  
Far in the fields, away from crowded street;  
Into the flowing water let us look,  
While o'er our heads the whispering elm-trees  
meet.  
There will we listen to a simple tale  
Of fireside pleasures and of shepherd's loves;  
A reedy voice sweet as the nightingale  
Shall sing of Corydon and Amaryllis;  
The grasshopper shall chirp, the bee shall hum,  
The stream shall murmur to the water-lilies,  
And all the sounds of summer noon shall come,  
And mingling in the oboe's pastoral tone,  
Make them forget that man did ever sigh and  
moan.

#### IV.

##### THE TRUMPETS AND TROMBONES.

A band of martial riders next I hear,  
Whose sharp brass voices cut and rend the air.  
The shepherd's tale is mute, and now the ear  
Is filled with a wilder clang than it can bear;  
Whose arrowy trumpet notes so short and bright,  
The long-drawn wailing of that loud trombone,  
Tell of the bloody and tumultuous fight,  
The march of victory and the dying groan.  
O'er the green fields the serried squadrons pour,  
Killing and burning like the bolts of heaven;  
The sweetest flowers with cannon-smoke and gore  
Are all profaned, and Innocence is driven  
Forth from her cottages and wooded streams,  
While over all red Battle fiercely gleams.

#### V.

##### THE HORNS.

But who are these far in the leafy wood,  
Murmuring such mellow, hesitating notes,  
It seems the very breath of solitude,  
Loading with dewy balm each breeze that floats?  
They are a peasant-group, I know them well,  
The diffident, conscious horns, whose muffled  
speech  
But half expresses what their souls would tell,  
Aiming at strains their strength can never reach;  
An untaught rustic band; and yet how sweet  
And soothing comes their music o'er the soul!  
Dear poets of the forest, who would meet  
Your melodies save where wild waters roll,  
Reminding us of Him who by his plough  
Walked with a laurel-wreath upon his brow!  
*Boston, May, 1843.*

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 28, 1863.

### Concert Review.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The fourth concert fell upon a bitter cold and windy night, a rough shock to our fair-weather sensibilities after such a lamb-like winter; yet the Music Hall was almost as full of people as before. It was a richly interesting concert, save that there was somewhat too much of the solo-playing business, excellent as it all was in point of virtuosity. Yet it was precisely upon this, and this exclusively, that Mr. CARL ZERRAHN had dwelt in his announcements, appearing to believe that the "lady violinist" and the extraordinary trombone player would be the main attractions to the public, while not a word was said of Symphony or Overtures. The Symphony and Overture were none the less there, and none the less excellent for all that; only we think it would be in better taste and decidedly more dignified, to announce these as the principal features of the entertainment, and the virtuoso things as incidental and subordinate, even though more people might go in for the confectionery than for the solid meats. This was the programme:

- |   |                   |
|---|-------------------|
| Part I.   |                   |
| 1. Symphony—No. 7. (A major).....                     | Beethoven         |
| 2. Transcription, for Trombone, "Die Thräne".....     | Stigelli          |
| 3. Fantasia—"Souvenir de Mozart".....                 | Alard             |
| Part II.  |                   |
| 4. Overture, "The Naiads".....                        | Sterndale Bennett |
| 5. Violin Solo, "Le Rêve".....                        | Felix Simon       |
| [By request.]   |                   |
| Mlle. Camilla Urso.                                   |                   |
| 6. Concerto, for the Trombone.....                    | F. David          |
| 1. Allegro con fuoco.                                 |                   |
| 2. Marcia funebre.                                    |                   |
| 3. Finale Allegro.                                    |                   |
| Herr F. Letsch.                                       |                   |
| 7. Capriccio, on themes from "Fille du regiment"..... | Artot             |
| Mlle. Camilla Urso.                                   |                   |
| 8. Overture to "Oberon".....                          | Weber             |

Of the Seventh Symphony, so mysterious and profound in its slow movement, so joyous and so grand in all the others; reaching a height of ecstasy in the middle of the Scherzo, which becomes sublime, a heavenly translation as it were; a Symphony which will always dispute the palm with the C minor and the Ninth or "Choral," and therefore one of the three greatest that exist—we need only say that it was performed and was enjoyed as well as usual, and that whatever it suffered in its performance or the impression was chiefly due to the moderate size of the orchestra (that is to say, the want of a great body of strings), and to the disturbance from late-comers incident to its being placed at the beginning of the programme. Even the low, mysterious opening of the second movement suffered from this latter cause.

Sterndale Bennett's "Naiads" is a romantic, charming overture; perhaps the best work of the best of English composers. It is constructed on the same plan with Mendelssohn's "Melusina" and "Hebrides" Overtures, and indeed breathes something of the same spirit, the same fairy fancy, although in no sense can it be called an imitation. If he followed fresh and admirable models, he did wisely, and had none the less chance to be original, as indeed he was. The piece is a genuine artistic creation; has one beautiful leading idea, which pervades it throughout, and to which his orchestra is faithful to the end; and which you are never weary of, as much as it is worked up, but find it still invested with new interest. This is the characteristic of truly classical works. It has also some delicious episodes and side thoughts, with delicate, choice bits of instrumental coloring. It was time that so nice an Overture should be brought out again; and those Mendelssohn Overtures, whose revival has been the most notable good feature of this winter's concerts, naturally suggested it. It was played with spirit and with delicacy. Weber's "Oberon" formed a good counterpart, and good close to the entertainment. Happy is any one who can carry its mood home with him; it is so quickening, so full of fine life, such a spell to banish common-place thoughts that drag you down. And so it must be confessed that the orchestral selections—for these three were the only ones—were of the most satisfactory order, although, like the best people, angel visits, &c., they came unannounced.

CAMILLA URSO, of course, played divinely, so far as mere playing goes. It is an exquisite pleasure simply to catch the pure tones of her instrument, and to watch the harmony of motion, face and quiet artistic pose and bearing with the music; it is one perfect whole. Even in the emptiest Variation pieces, you can look and listen with somewhat the same kind of pleasure, with which you idly watch a fountain springing in the sunshine, charmed by the perfect grace and symmetry of each detail of form. But one begins to be disappointed with the want of novelty and want of character in the matter, although never in the manner, of the exhibitions. One wishes she would play better pieces; her talent is equal to the best; the best alone is worthy of it, and should command its service. The title "Souvenirs of Mozart" was promising; how finely the Mozart melodies would sound on those sensitively true strings of hers! But the piece, beyond a pleasant reminiscence of the



opening theme in the G minor Symphony, of *La di darem* with variations, and another air (from *Figaro*, if we remember rightly), was but a tame and uninspired affair; it opens with a long introduction which bears not the slightest affinity to Mozart's style or spirit. That "Dream" again—happy Simon's dream—on muted strings, was only a piece for that large class of listeners, who ask not that there should be anything in their music, but love to be "translated," as Nick B— was, by very soft sounds, dy-away *pianissimos*, which seem to live on after they are dead. The *Fille du Regiment* Capriccio consists of variations of the ordinary mechanical pattern; and here again it was the execution, and not the piece, that had any claim upon the hearer.

Herr LETSCH forestalled favor by his pleasant face. In his first piece, Stigelli's song about "the Tear," he certainly subdued his long, unwieldy instrument to a soft, rich singing quality, and made it sing the melody with chaste and true expression. The trombone is an honest, genuine instrument, with a character of its own, and quite a noble one; not a hybrid, like the cornet and Sax-tuba family. In the orchestra it is invaluable; it is interesting for once to hear how obedient it may become in the hands of so skilful a virtuoso as Herr Letsch. We can praise the taste which he displayed in rendering the song; the orchestral accompaniments, too, deserved attention. The Concerto in three movements sounded the heights and depths of the instrument, and brought in play its smoothest passages and its most startling subterranean blasts. We confess to being tired of it before it was over, though the skill of the performer was extraordinary. In Herr Letsch's hands, we had rather hear a solo on the trombone, than on a Sax-horn or cornet; and that is about as much as we can say.

**ORCHESTRAL UNION.**—For the Afternoon Concert on Wednesday these indefatigable caterers to the musical pleasure and education of the many, offered an uncommonly good programme:

1. Overture, "The Naiads," (op. 15).....Sterndale Bennett
2. Capriccio, on themes from "La fille du regiment".....Mlle. Camilla Urso.
3. Symphony, No. 4, (op. 60 in B flat).....Beethoven
4. Concert Waltz, "Thrauen".....Strauss
5. Andante and Rondo Russe.....De Beriot
6. Grand Finale from Tannhäuser.....Wagner

Bennett's "Naiads" and the ever beautiful Fourth Symphony in the same afternoon, might be counted rare good fortune. The ear was occasionally disturbed by imperfect tune in a brass instrument—especially in the drums, where they play such an important part in the Adagio of the Symphony; and there was room (in that same movement) for more care in some instruments to give the precise and full value to dotted notes, whereby the figure and the passage lost much of its life. Otherwise, the rendering of both works was very good. CAMILLA URSO played her old things, perfectly, as usual. The Music Hall was completely filled; but it will be still more creditable to a music-loving public when the orchestra alone can fill it so.

**Mlle. DE LA MOTTE'S SOIREE.**—We regretted our inability to attend, last Tuesday evening, the private soirée given by this very faithful and accomplished teacher, with her pupils. How successful her efforts have been may be judged from the *Transcript's* notice of that pleasant occasion:

Hitherto these parties have taken place in her large school rooms, but as they proved inadequate to contain the company, recourse was had to the spacious saloons of Messrs. Chickering & Sons, which were

filled to repletion by the *élite* of Boston society. Mlle. de la Motte's school being the only one of the kind in America, some details of its results will certainly prove acceptable to our readers. Several short pieces of Beethoven were played by young girls of eight or nine with great expression. Chopin's waltz, opera 64, no trifling task, was performed by an intelligent girl of twelve, with genuine taste.

The last movement of Mozart's Sonata No. 2 was rendered by another little girl with true fire and sensibility. One of the grand *morceaux* of the evening, Haydn's symphony No. 2, was played on four pianos by eight pupils, with perfect time, exquisite taste, consummate expression, and a sensibility which appealed directly to the heart. Here was a mystery. How could Mlle. de la Motte succeed in bringing young girls not out of their teens to such a degree of artistic perfection?

The answer is, that almost all of them began the study of music under her direction, and have remained under her care for five, six, seven and eight years.

This *soirée* was given at three weeks' notice. A romance by Mozart, Weber's "Last Thought," Thalberg's "Home, Sweet Home," "Songs in the Woods," by Vogel, were played in a remarkable style, the execution fulfilling the expectations excited by the preceding performances. A quartet (overture to William Tell) on two pianos, was finely executed by four performers, the parts being rendered clearly and blending agreeably in a manner to render all the beauties of the composition salient.

It was, apparently, a hazardous experiment, to entrust Chopin's "Cradle Song" to a young girl of sixteen, and yet she so acquitted herself as to reflect the highest credit on herself and her teacher. The passage where the child sinks to sleep was given in charming style. "Moses," by Thalberg, was played in a superior manner. A beautiful young lady of fifteen played Beethoven's "Pathetic Sonata" very finely. The grave movement, the allegro, the andante, and the gay and brilliant rondo, were most felicitously rendered. Mademoiselle de la Motte finally seated herself at the piano, and played Mendelssohn's Trio in D minor in a style which indicated the true and accomplished artist. The Andante was deeply sympathetic, while the lightness and vivacity of the Scherzo could not be surpassed. The accompaniment by Messrs. Schultze and W. Fries displayed the brilliant special talent of these two eminent performers. Altogether the *soirée* was a brilliant and legitimate success.

### Italian Opera.

It seems there is Italian Opera in Boston—at the "Academy of Music" so-called—and Mr. GRAU is manager—and it is on a pretty good scale of magnitude for these times—by no means the worst Opera we ever had, and not the best. It has a pretty large and effective orchestra, under Signor Muzio's direction; the usual chorus men and women, whose voices for the most part are forcible, if not sweet; and the array of leading vocal artists is quite formidable: for soprani there are Mme. Whiting-Lorini, Miss Kellogg, and Mlle. Cordier; for contralto, Miss Morensi; for tenors, Brignoli, the well known, and Maccaferri, whom in some respects it will be well to know, and still another, Herr Hartmann, who does not let himself be known, at least to the sense of hearing; Sigs. Amodio and Barili are the baritones; and Susini is the heavy *basso profondo*, and there are few heavier or more dignified. They have already played three weeks. They have played *Martha*, *Norma*, *Ernani*, *La Sonnambula*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, *La Favorita*, &c., and for novelties, or next to novelties, *Dinorah*, by Meyerbeer, and *La Juive*, by Halévy.

We (not the editorial we) have had the pleasure of hearing a portion of Miss KELLOGG's performance in the two familiar roles of *Martha* and *Amina*. She has the same lively, charming grace as ever, and executes the florid music with fluency and brilliancy; the sentiment of the more touching situations, too, is faithfully and naturally rendered. She of course also was the Daughter of the Regiment, a part in which she always delights the public. BRIGNOLI embellished the already sufficiently ornate music of his part in *La Sonnambula* with little figures not of the Bellini stamp precisely, and therefore not in keeping. For the rest he is still Brignoli, singing sometimes sweetly, richly, almost nobly, at other times lackadaisically with a nasal and too common quality of tone, and acting—but nobody expects that of him. SUSINI was almost too ponderous for the Count Rodolfo, but it was a comfort to hear his round, true, well delivered tones.

We also heard the larger portion of "Dinorah" or "Le Pardon de Ploermel." We had heard it once before in Leipzig, and the experience was somnolent and cheerless; this time we did not fare much better. We cannot feel that it is one of Meyerbeer's best works. Touches of beauty it has; melodies of a somewhat peculiar beauty, as well as others that are commonplace, and some whose forced striving after originality does not save them from commonplace; novel and quaint effects of instrumentation, of modulation, &c., which sometimes play in naturally, but often seem over-calculated and cold. Of ingenuity, skill, knowledge there is plenty; inspiration appears wanting. A pastoral and weird romantic character is what all the music affects, and what the strange plot dictates. The crazed senses of the heroine, with her sad background of story, give the key-note to the whole, making it all sombre, or else sickly, dreamy and unreal (for skilful as are those flitting bits of sunshine melody over a clouded scene, they do not enliven the impression). Nor does the comic element in the part of Correntino really amount to hearty comedy; how different the music of his fears from Leporello's in the statue scene! As here done by Signor Brignoli, no one could possibly suspect that any comedy was intended. Mlle. CORDIER, whom we heard for the first time, was indeed charming. A fresh, bright, musical and flexible voice, a true soprano; a facile, even execution, equal to the trying passage work of the music; and a natural French grace of action, won decided favor with the audience. For the rest, we have borrowed in another column from the *Advertiser*, a description of the opera, as it is, and as it is done at the Academy, agreeing fully with all that is there said under the latter head.

On Wednesday evening we sat through two acts of Halévy's great work, "The Jewess," not without pleasure, and not without weariness. It was put upon the stage with considerable pomp and splendor, and pomp and splendor for the most part characterize the music. There is one quiet piece in it, however, the scene of the celebration of the passover in the Jew's house (tenor solo, with chorus), which is without instrumental accompaniment, and really beautiful. Sig. MACCAFERRI, the tenor, threw great force, vocal and dramatic, into the part of the Jew, in the make-up of which he seemed to be completely disguised, and we could not help imagining the voice disguised for the same purpose, (supposing that a tenor could be so self-sacrificing), for certainly its quality was most unpleasant. But he flings out the high emphatic bursts with great energy, and that brings the house down. Sig. SUSINI moved and sang a formidable Cardinal. Mlle. LORINI has a finely developed soprano voice, and is a very accomplished singer; but the part of the Jewess did not appear particularly suited to her. Mlle. CORDIER was hardly sure of her music, as the Princess, though she looked charmingly; and Herr HARTMANN, (Prince Leopold, tenor) as we have before hinted, sang with scarce the shadow of a voice. The *ensemble* was for the most part creditable.

Mlle. CAMILLA URSO has a complimentary Farewell Benefit this evening at Chickering's Hall, thus affording an opportunity to hear her exquisite violin playing in a smaller room than heretofore. She will have the assistance of Mme. LINA KLOSS and Mr. HUGO LEONHARD as pianists, and Mr. KREISSMANN, vocalist; and the programme includes classical and choice things, as: the "Hommage à Handel" by Moscheles, for two pianos; Schumann's Andante and Variations, for two pianos; songs by Schubert, Schumann and Franz; Piano solos by Schumann and Chopin, &c. We expect to see the hall quite filled.

### Music Abroad.

**AMSTERDAM.**—Jan. 19.—At the first concert of the Society for the promotion of Music, we had Schumann's *Paradies und Peri*, and a Psalm, by Van Bree. The solos were taken by Mad. Offermann van Hove, Mad. Cuypers (an amateur), Herr Schneider of Rotterdam, and Herr Rudolf of the German theatre. The performance was on the whole good, although, in certain details, much was wanting as regards delicacy of expression. Herr Richard Hol conducted, and did his best to ensure success. The same Society gave their second Popular Concert, under the direction of Herr Verhulst, on the 28th ult. The programme comprised Symphony No. III., Mendelssohn; overture to *Olympia*, Spontini; do, to *Egmont*, Beethoven; and choruses—Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Schumann. The rooms were crowded, and the success of the orchestral pieces extraordinary. The *Egmont* overture had to be repeated. The choruses, however, sung by amateurs, were weak. Herr Verhulst was



unanimously called for at the end of the concert.—The second takes place on the 25th inst., when Herr Schneider, of Rotterdam, will sing, Herr Jean Becker, the violinist, continues to reap laurels in Holland. He played here for the third time at the Students' Concert. The pieces were Mendelssohn's concerto; an "Intermezzo," with full band, by De Hartog; and a *capriccio* of Herr Becker's composition. He was called on after every performance.—The concerts of the *Felix meritis* have, if we except the playing of Mad. Schumann at the last, presented us with nothing remarkable. This talented lady has been as well received as on former occasions. She is engaged for the Hague, Rotterdam, and Utrecht, and will co-operate at the next concert for Chamber Music given by Herr Franz Coenen. Ever since the departure of Madlle. Trebelli, a great favorite with the Amsterdam public, the Italian opera has been gradually dying out for want of support, although it possesses two good singers in Madlle. Filippi [Adelaide Philippa?] and Mad. Lafont. Italian music cannot boast of many admirers in Holland. The young composer, Richard Hol, leaves us, and settles in Utrecht, where he has been appointed conductor of the Town Concerts, in the place of Herr Kufferath, honorably pensioned. Herr Verhulst has been elected Musical Director of the Society for the Promotion of Music, Section "Amsterdam," and will take up his residence here. This is a victory for our city, and we have every reason to hope that Herr Verhulst's presence will exert a vivifying influence upon musical matters.—*Cor. of the "Nieder-rheinische Musik Zeitung."*

**BARMEN.**—Mendelssohn's oratorio of *St. Paul* was given by the "Concordia" Society on the 30th December, Herr Otto from Berlin undertaking the tenor part. The choruses had been well rehearsed, and went off with spirit. The organ playing of Herr Ewald contributed materially to the success of the performance.

**MUNICH.**—A new tragic opera, *Die Foscari*, by Herr Max Zenger, was lately produced here with tolerable success, the composer being called for at its conclusion.

**WEIMAR.**—Mad. Johanna Jachmann-Wagner, who took part with Signor Sivori, the violinist, at a Court Concert on the 1st inst., has appeared at the express desire of the Grand Duke, as Iphigenia in Goethe's famous tragedy.

### London.

**MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.**—The concert opened the 5th season, on Wednesday night, was a really grand affair. We should imagine that at least 1500 "fellows" and "associates," all, of course, amateurs and professors alike, more or less critically musical, formed part of the audience. St. James's Hall never looked more brilliant, nor was ever concert more thoroughly enjoyed. The programme was, on the whole, irreproachable, and but for encores awarded to two of the pieces, would not have been a bit too long. The overtures were Spohr's *Der Alchymist*, Sterndale Bennett's *Naiades* (the first at the commencement, the last at the termination of Part I) and Otto Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, which brought the concert to "a right merry" ending. The Symphony was Beethoven's No. 8 (in F), placed, as usual, at the beginning of Part II; the concerto, Hummel, in A flat (pianoforte).

A more admirably balanced scheme could hardly have been made out. About the execution, too, of the various pieces we are able to speak in terms of almost unqualified praise. The band is, if possible, more efficient than last year; the conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon, remains in *status quo*—upon which he may be congratulated, inasmuch as he stood in no need of advancing.

The concerto of Hummel, one of the most eloquent ever written for the piano, was a genuine treat. The finished beauty of the music was rivalled by the no less finished beauty of the playing. Madmo. Arabella Goddard, who had not appeared in London since her benefit at the Monday Popular Concerts (March 31, 1862), was welcomed with enthusiasm; and her performance convinced her hearers that she remained, as before, the peerless mistress of her instrument—the St. Cecilia of the keys. It was literally faultless from end to end—perfect alike in tone, expression and manual agility.

The vocal music contained one point of genuine interest and novelty—viz., a scena from Mr. Henry Smart's opera of *Bertha*, a composition full of dramatic power, sung with wonderful energy by Madlle. Parepa, immensely applauded. The other pieces were "Dalla sua pace" (*Don Giovanni*), given with true expression by Signor Giuglini, and the duet for

Marguerite and Raoul (second act of the *Huguenots*), in which Madlle. Parepa was the Queen of Navarre and Signor Giuglini the Huguenot leader.—*Mus. World, Jan. 29.*

**JULLIEN II.**—M. Jullien, son of the unrivalled regretted Jullien, made his first appearance as conductor of an orchestra, on Monday night, at the Argyll Rooms. For several years a member of the late renowned musician's band, living with and receiving instructions from him during that period, M. Louis Jullien seems to have inherited no small share of his father's energy and talent. Indeed, his appearance, baton in hand, on Tuesday evening, forcibly recalled the striking, manly, and familiar figure of the Prince of Public Entertainers, whose "presence" in the orchestra was not less agreeable and imposing than it was a sure forerunner of a delightful evening's amusement. M. Louis Jullien was received with prolonged and enthusiastic cheers, which kept him bowing for some minutes, and must have proved to him the deep respect in which the memory of his father was still held. The first essay of the young conductor was eminently successful. He wields the baton gracefully; has a quick eye, a ready ear, and abundance of vigor. The overture to *Guillaume Tell*, which opened the concert, exhibited his abilities to singular advantage.—*Ibid.*

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—The regular Saturday Concerts, after several weeks' interruption, necessitated by the Christmas festivities, were resumed on Saturday, when the following programme was given:

Symphony in G, Haydn; Recit. and Romanza (*Guillaume Tell*) Rossini; Song, "Love sounds the alarm" (*Aida* and *Galathea*) Handel; Solo for violin, Pollitzer; Echo song, Sir H. Bishop; Overture (*Melusine*) Mendelssohn; Song, "The death of Nelson," Brahms; Marche nuptiale (*La Nonne Sanglante*) Gounod. A. Manns, conductor.

This was a brilliant re-inauguration. Mr. Manns and his band did more than justice to their share of the programme. A better execution of Haydn's vigorous symphony, and Mendelssohn's delicately ethereal overture, could not have been desired.

The vocalists were Madame Louisa Vinning and Mr. David Miranda, and the solo violinist Herr Pollitzer. Bishop's song was perhaps more suited to Madame Vinning than the romance from *Guillaume Tell*. It was Mr. Miranda's first appearance since his return from America. His songs might have been more judiciously chosen; but that he has made progress was shown in both.

At the second concert (to day), the symphony is Beethoven's No. 8; the concerto, Weber's in E flat—pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard.—*Mus. World, Feb. 7.*

**NATIONAL HARP CONCERTS.**—The harp is at present in the ascendant, and "twenty" would seem to be the "golden number." The Vocal Association, under the direction of Mr. Benedict, has commenced a series of National Concerts with a band of twenty harps. The first was given on Thursday, at St. James's Hall, with the greatest possible success. The singers were Mad. Louisa Vinning, Miss Palmer, and Mr. Sims Reeves; instrumentalists, Mr. Aptommas (harp), and Mr. Martin Lazare (pianoforte). Mr. Reeves gave "The last rose of summer," "Come into the garden, Maud," and the new patriotic song "God bless the Prince of Wales," each of which, we need hardly say, created enthusiasm without bound. Several popular melodies arranged for the choir were sung by the Vocal Association, and Mr. Aptommas played two harp solos with his accustomed effect. A second concert is announced for the 12th, when Mr. Sims Reeves is again to appear.—*Ibid.*

**MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.**—The Second Concert was held on Wednesday evening, when a new kind of attraction was given to the second part, which was devoted to a performance of Welsh National Melodies, with harp solos. Some of the Welsh airs and choruses were admirably sung—we may cite the chorus, "The Rising of the Sun" (chorus), and the songs of "The Ash Grove" (Miss Julia Elton), and "Watching of the Wheat" (Miss Edith Wynne); but the success of the choir was emphatically in the first part, and rarely have the members distinguished themselves more creditably than in Mr. Henry Smart's charming "Ave Maria," Mr. Henry Leslie's part song, "Ye Mariners of England" (first time), Mendelssohn's inimitable "O hills! O vales of pleasure!" and John Wilbye's inimitable "Sweet honey-sucking bees" (madrigal). These created a genuine sensation, and were one and all encored. The madrigal was sung to absolute perfection. The harp solos of Mr. Balsir Chatterton and Mr. John Thomas were very successful, and the whole performance passed off with *éclat*.—*Ibid.*

## Special Notices.

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A sprightly tune, which skeddaddles through three pages quite agreeably.

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Alexandra and Albert Edward are much talked about in England at present, and no doubt A. E. has before this presented her with a copy of this charming nocturne, with which the princess cannot fail to be pleased. Not difficult.

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The Merry Wives here dance to a very pretty and taking tune, which is easy enough to be danced music from many fingers of "merry" girls, who have not yet completed the second or third quarter's practice on the piano.

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